

# THE BEACON

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL  
AND THE HOME



VOLUME III.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1912

NUMBER 4

## The Useless Prince.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

*In Four Parts.*

*Part IV.*

He rubbed his eyes and looked again and again, but he saw nothing that looked like a city. Then he gazed in other directions. Still there was nothing but the peaceful country landscape. For a little while despair overwhelmed him, and he could do nothing. He did not know in what direction to ride, and there was no one to give him a word of guidance. Then, since there was nothing else to do, he decided to go back to the village, and see if he could overcome the dragon. In the back of his head the idea was growing that that would be a good way to find his lost directions.

It was a two days' journey back to the farthest village. When the people saw him, they set up a great shout of joy. The next day he waited under a group of oak trees for the coming of the dragon. He glanced about nervously to see if there were any little packets of Wisdom on the tree, but there were none. Presently he saw a speck in the air, and the people from their houses began to cry out, "The dragon! The dragon!" It alighted near him, and reared its ugly head as if to devour him. But this time he held up the white shield, and it kept off the sweep of the fierce claws. Then, pressing closer and closer under the shield, he at length drove his sword into the creature's body, and it fell dead at his feet.

Then the villagers held another great feast, and besought Ralfe to stay with them and be their king, for their country had long waited the coming of a noble prince. But Ralfe said no: if he could not find his own kingdom, he must ride in search of more adventures. So in the morning they brought him his horse, and he mounted to ride away. But, as he turned to ride, he caught a glimpse of something shining through the trees close at hand. "What is it?" he asked. "That is the city of our prince," said the villagers. Ralfe looked again. "That is my city," he cried. "I cannot be mistaken, for I saw it from the mountains."

Then he rode forward swiftly, and in a few minutes he came out close to the shining walls and towers. He had come home to his city at last. And, now that he had come, he trembled, and almost feared to take possession. But, as he rode up to the gate, the drawbridge dropped before him, and the warder called out, "The Prince is come!" and a blast from his silver trumpet sounded through the city. In a moment attendants were at his horse's head, and he was led into the palace. It was all so splendid, but so strange. And he looked about, he knew not



"PLEASE BE KIND TO MY BABY."

*From painting by Dias.*

Copyright, 1910, Emery School-Art Co.

*A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to the trees and flowers.*

ALEXANDER POPE.

*Never lose an opportunity to see anything beautiful. Beauty is God's hand-writing.*

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



for what, until one face that he knew shone out from among the courtiers. It was the godmother, and he flew to her side.

"Godmother," he said, "I have tried to be faithful."

"You have been faithful," she said, "and I am more than content."

He looked at her again. How beautiful she had grown, and how like a queen! Yet she was the same dear godmother he had always loved. He tried to remember something. "It seems," he said, "that you had another name that I loved very much."

"Yes," she said, "my other name is mother."

Mother! Ah, that was the name he had loved! That was more beautiful even than godmother.

"You were lovely when I lived in the child kingdom," he said, "but how have you grown so queenly now?"

"That is because you have been faithful!" she said. "Had you failed by the way or thrown away your white shield, I would have grown old and bent. You would never have reached your beautiful kingdom, and I could never have lived here either."

"I was long coming," he said, "but you see the lost children and the villagers kept me back."

She smiled again. "If you had not gone with them, you never would have reached your kingdom. Had you journeyed straight across the plain, you would have come to a river so deep and wide and swift that you could not have crossed. When you went into the forest with the lost children, you were taking the nearest way to your kingdom. When you turned back to deliver the villagers from the dragon, you were coming right to the gate of your city."

They talked long together. He had to ask all about the children's kingdom, and the children of the gardens through which he had passed. He asked about his cousin Conrad who should have started on his adventures with Ralfe.

"Alas!" said his mother. "Conrad can never grow up. He did not ride the arithmetic beast, nor pull the weeds of selfishness and ill-temper and disobedience. He never even tried to put together the stick-to-it-iveness puzzle. And of course he has earned no white shield or sword. He has the face of an old man, but he remains a little dwarf, and is far more stupid than any little child. No one can stay forever in the children's kingdom without paying a heavy price for it."

There were cries from without the palace. People were gathering, and were calling, "The Prince! The Prince!"

"What was it they called you before you began your adventures?" asked his mother.

He smiled as he answered, "The Useless Prince."

"But hear what they call you now," she said.

The cry rose loudly, "Prince Ralfe! The Helpful Prince!"

"That is the name you have earned," she said proudly.

Then she went with him out on the balcony. All the city was gathered before the palace. And the villagers were there too, for they also belonged to his kingdom. The people wore garlands of roses, and their robes were of bright colors, and they tossed flowers upon the prince as he appeared among them. Then, while he greeted his people, his eyes went seeking, and at length he saw the maiden and her grandmother.

"Bring them in with honor," he said to an attendant, and after that his joy was full.

And so that day the Helpful Prince began his reign that is remembered for good deeds.

And may you reign likewise when you come to your kingdom!

(THE END.)

## The Boy Scout.

The little boy scout goes marching out  
In a khaki suit of tan,  
And a broad felt hat with a silver cord,  
Just like a grown-up man.  
He feels so big as he swings along  
In step with the line of boys,  
That he knows he never again will cry,  
Or play with his childish toys.

The little boy scout is only eight,  
And his eyes are blue and bright:  
His mother kisses and tucks him up  
In his pretty white bed each night.  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, on the weary road,—  
He is tired, and hungry, too;  
But to fall behind in the dusty march  
Is not what a man would do.

The little boy scout is home again,  
To bed in the dark he goes,  
No more afraid of the bogey-bears  
That lurk on the stairs, he knows.  
He has learned to conquer the pain of life,  
As only a brave heart can;  
And his mother steals to his cot to say,  
"Good-night, my dear little man."

*New York American.*

*For The Beacon.*

## Bug Light.

BY LILLIAN LORING TROTT.

At low tide the bar could be crossed afoot. After the week's visit on Bug Light Rock, Gwen and Joe were planning to go back to the mainland, when the water left the strand at five o'clock.

But an unseasonable snow squall blew in from seaward, rising to a bitter hail-storm by half-past four, so Aunt Cressy and Uncle Jake told the children they must pass another night in the lighthouse. Gwen was disappointed. She loved her light-keeping relatives, but Gus was coming home to-night, and she longed to be home to welcome him. Gus had been away, at Bass Harbor, two months, and the "Osprey" was bearing him homeward this very hour.

"I hope the 'Osprey' won't try to make harbor in this sleet," Uncle Jake spoke his thought aloud, when the frozen rain blew in thickest. "If I know Captain Bartlett, he'll put into Mill Cove, and ride there till daylight. It'll be a rough night outside."

"But Gus!" breathed Gwen, her heart in her catching voice. "He's on—the—'Osprey.'"

"There, there," Uncle Jake stroked her hair. "The 'Osprey's' weathered many a stiffer gale than this."

Both children climbed the narrow stairs to watch Uncle Jake light the big revolving lamp. "Is that thunder?" Joe suddenly asked.

"Thunder in a hail-storm!" exclaimed Gwen, flattening her face against the glass, though all without was blackness shot with white hailstones.

"That screw is getting out of order," mut-

tered Uncle Jake, twisting at the lamp. "It'll hardly turn." When he at last settled the globe on the light, and came down the steps to the landing, he listened for the next boom. "A boat in distress," he counted, "one, two, three."

Even while he counted, he was jumping down the steps. "It's the 'Osprey's' count. She must've passed Mill Cove 'fore the storm struck her. Bet she's struck Bad Man's Reef." He got out his oil-skins, coiled a rope around his waist, hung a life-saver across his chest and another over his shoulder, lighted a lantern, and called Aunt Cressy. "The 'Osprey's' in trouble between here and Bad Man's Reef. I'm going over."

"No boat could live in this sea," demurred Aunt Cressy.

"I'll take my chances in a row-boat to the main,—the tide's hardly covered the bar yet,—then creep around shore to Raleigh's boat-house at Birch Point. If I don't find it open, I'll break in and get a boat. From there it's only a few rods to Bad Man's Reef."

Aunt Cressy took down a heavy reefer belonging to her husband. "I can be of some use with you,—hold the lantern or something. Gwen," her eyes travelling from her niece to the beacon above stairs, "you've been here long enough to know what to do."

"Yes, yes," Gwen fairly shouted, thinking of Gus. She climbed on a chair and took down more rope. Then she lighted a lantern for her aunt. "Go, go! I'll see to things."

"Stay inside and keep a fire," Uncle Jake called back from the darkness. "You couldn't see out in this storm, whatever happened. You'd only get lost in the hail."

Gwen and Joe peered after the lightkeeper and his wife, but could see them no farther into the driving hail than the revolving light threw its searching rays. In a few seconds even the turn of the lamp revealed no sight of the rescuers' figures, flecked with white. Gwen turned to Joe, saying:

"They'll need a hot fire and perhaps a tankful of warm water if they bring any one off the 'Osprey.'"

The little shed opened off the kitchen, and Joe cheerfully filled the wood-box. "Now, how'll it do to make a fish chowder, Gwen? Shipwrecked folks are always hungry." He took down a pan and opened the cellar door.

"All right. Bring up some pork, too. A layer of pork, a layer of potatoes, or is that a stew?" anxiously. "Did Aunt Cressy put crackers in hers?"

"She poured in some hot milk when 'twas all done,—hot, not scalded!"—

But Gwen forgot to listen. She was staring over his head through the pane into the blast. "Hasn't the light stopped turning? Or am I dizzy? You look, Joe."

Obediently Joe looked out. "It's just one steady blaze. It never goes out."

"Then it's stopped turning round. It should disappear every two seconds, showing the dark side to the water."

"I should think 'twould be better for it to keep right stock still," said Joe. "If it poufs a steady shine out there on the water, it'll guide vessels all the better."

"But all the boats know Bug Light is right here, revolving all the time, turning first her bright side to the ocean, then in two seconds leaving it in darkness. If Bug Light is stationary, the boats'll mistake her for one of the fixed lights alongshore here, and be likely to run on to a snag most anywhere. They'll think they haven't come to Bug Light, with her rocks and reefs."



Joe went down cellar for his pork and potatoes, but Gwen stayed on at the window, staring and thinking. "We may be guiding some ship straight up on these rocks," groaned the little girl. "Joe, let's go up turret and see."

"See what?" Joe emerged with his load. "It's plain enough to see."

"Come on, though. We may be able to make the thing work."

Reluctantly Joe set down his provisions and followed her. On the landing she stopped him. "You wait and let me try it first. I'm taller and have a longer reach."

She climbed the step-ladder to the lamp. It had ceased revolving, and threw an unblinking stream of light out over the bay. Gwen laid hold on the burner, and tried to twist it around. It resisted all her strength. "It's stuck," she spoke back to Joe. "I can't move it. You'll have to come up on the other side, and see what we're both strong enough to do."

So Joe clambered up the steps on the opposite side of the great globe, and put his two hands around the far side of the tube.

"Now don't tip over backwards," cautioned Gwen. "Remember to bend toward the lamp all the time, but don't tumble against it. Now, twist it toward you. Turn when I do. Now! Slowly. One, two. No, don't give a wrench. Steady! Put all your muscle on it. There, didn't that start it? Yes, it's turning, Joe!"

"Perhaps it'll keep on going, now't it's got in the habit of it," hopefully Joe suggested. But Gwen began turning it again.

"No, I guess it's run down, or whatever happens to 'em. We'll just have to turn it by hand till Uncle Jake gets back. See! it doesn't go so hard, now. Here, I can take hold of this little nub of a handle. Why, it's quite easy this way. We'll take turns, I'll keep it agoing awhile, then when my arms ache you can turn some."

Joe was four years younger than Gwen and slower to realize the situation. "Gus is on the 'Osprey,'" he reasoned. "He won't be in danger. The 'Osprey' is aground now."

"But the ocean may be full of vessels," patiently Gwen explained again. "We don't want any one lost. This is the big steamer's day,—the 'Maggie Bell.' Maybe she put in somewhere when this storm came up, but we won't risk her. You turn now, Joe. I'll have to rest a minute."

About half an hour later Joe, weary and sleepy, asked, "Ain't it about time for the folks to be back?"

This question had been worrying Gwen, but she bravely answered:

"Perhaps the storm's so bad they'll have to take the 'Osprey's' passengers into the boat-house till morning. 'Twould be pretty wild taking them around shore now. S'pose we can keep this up till daylight, Joe?"

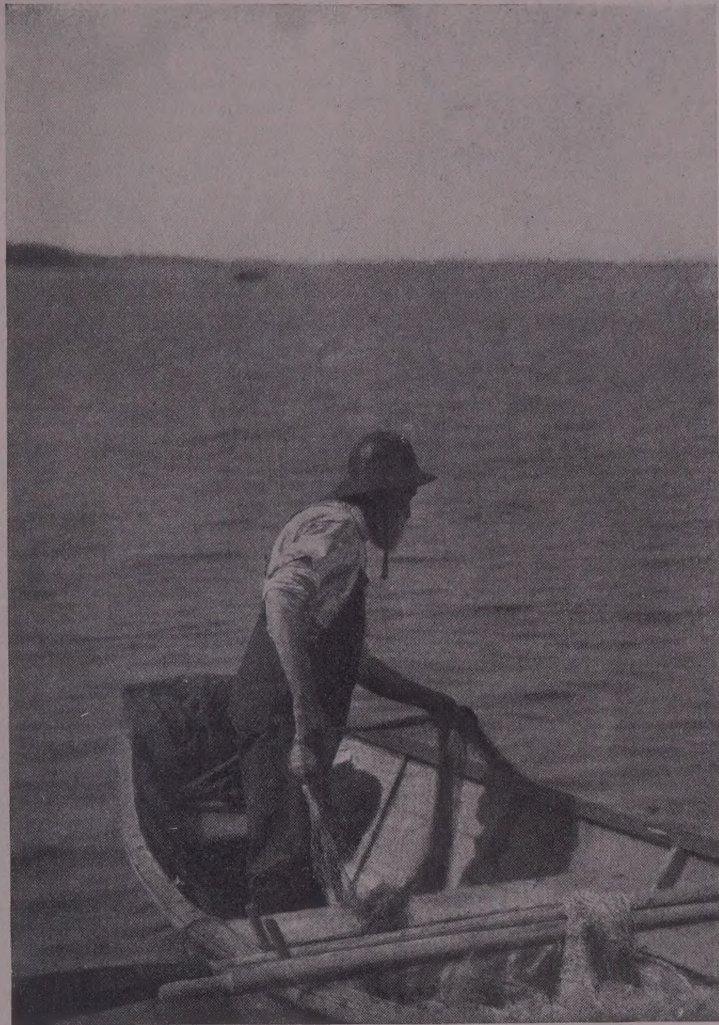
"Guess I can stand it 'slong you can," snapped Joe; and keep it up they did till day-break brought Uncle Joe and Aunt Cressy back, but without Gus.

"The 'Osprey' only grounded on a sand-bar," auntie explained. "This morning's tide floated her off long ago." Then Uncle Jake exclaimed:

"You'll reach the mark you set for yourselves in life, you youngsters, or I'm no prophet. Turned it by hand! It's all I'd have felt equal to myself."

"Gwen made me," grinned Joe, "or I'd have had some chowder ready for your breakfast."

In the middle of the day, who should row



THE FISHERMAN.

OFTEN AS HE DREW HIS NET, OR SET HIS TRAPS, UNCLE JAKE RAISED HIS EYES TOWARD THE LIGHTHOUSE FROM WHICH, AT NIGHT, BUG LIGHT SHONE.

across the bar for the children but Gus. "I didn't take the 'Osprey,'" he told them. "I was late, and caught the 'Maggie Bell' for Calais. Went right by here, and came home by ferry. Scotland, but 'twas a rough trip, uncle! If it hadn't been for your old revolving light— Once the captain lost the revolution, and word went round that he'd lost his bearings. In a second there was a panic. The women all crowded to one side till the 'Bell' dipped water. If the 'Maggie Bell' didn't know where Bug Light was, she must be off her course, much as she'd been up and down this coast. The sharpest eyes could see only fixed lights. The coolest of us tried to calm the women, and we all watched for that disappearing and reappearing light. Then," his eyes glowed, "in a twinkling we all saw it come and go. Then Captain Bartlett knew where we were."

Joe looked up at Gwen, his heart in his shining eyes. "I'm glad you made me skip the chowder," he whispered.

*Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.*

BEECHER.

## Professions.

BY ISABEL FRANCIS BELLONS.

When I grow up to be a man,  
And go to business every day,  
I often wonder how I can  
Earn money in the nicest way.

An ash-man's life is very sweet,  
He drives his horse and cart with pride;  
And Sundays I should have a treat,  
I'd take my wife and go to ride.

A circus man's a lovely sight,  
All dressed in spangled tights and lace;  
To jump through hoops is his delight,  
Or, standing, ride a bareback race.

I'd love to be an organ man,  
And hear grand music without charge;  
I'm sure if he does all he can,  
His income must be very large.

Now which profession of the three  
Will just exactly suit my bent  
I can't decide,—for possibly  
They'll want me to be President!



## THE BEACON.

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*Let us be like a bird, a moment lighted  
Upon a twig that swings;  
He feels it sway, but sings on unafraid,  
Knowing he hath his wings.*

VICTOR HUGO.

## Editorial.

The lovely October days will soon leave us. They have brought much beauty everywhere. Have they taught us to look beyond the beauty, to think of the Source of it? One of our own Unitarian poets, Prof. William H. Carruth of Lawrence, Kan., has given us a glimpse of the truth when, in speaking of October, he says,

"Some of us call it Autumn,  
And others call it God."

All the Sunday schools to which *The Beacon* comes are now started in their work. Each school that is earnest and reverent, whose teachers and pupils are trying to gain that knowledge of truth which makes life better, is a help to all the others. We are working together. By the faithfulness of each one of you, all the rest are encouraged. We shall all be helped by thinking about the others who are doing the same sort of work that we are. It will help more if we hear, now and then, what the others are doing. This paper will give you the chance to help and to be helped.

That was a good suggestion in our opening number, this year, that all our readers should become members of the BEACON CLUB. Let us begin at once. The editor will publish the first three letters which reach her from any members of a Sunday school where *The Beacon* is received, expressing their desire to belong to the BEACON CLUB, and telling some one thing about their school which the others may be glad to hear. Have you any means of encouraging attendance, such as a banner which goes to the class making the best record? What is your favorite Sunday-school hymn? What part of the opening service makes you feel that you are truly at worship? What lessons do you like best, and why? Is your school doing anything for the church, or for other children less fortunate than you are?

Answer one only of these questions in the way you think might be of service to some one else. Other letters, after the first three, will be published as space permits. No matter how far away you are, or how long it takes your letter to come, write it and send it. Address, Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

## The Squirrels' Bank.

BY ELIZABETH L. STOCKING.

Henry was having a good time, for he was in a store spending money. He bought three cents' worth of candy and spent two cents for marbles. Then he bought a top and some gum with the rest of his money. When he left the store, he had spent all of the weekly allowance of ten cents his mother had just given him.

"Hello, Henry," called Ned Sanders, "I just got a telephone from our Sunday-school teacher; and she says, if we can get the boys together, she'll go with us out to Havergal's woods this afternoon. We'll each have to pay our own care-fare and bring some lunch. Can you go?"

"Guess so," replied Henry. "I'll ask mother."

Mother was very willing to let Henry go. She said she would pay his fare one way, and he could use his own five cents for the return trip.

"But, mother, I'm 'fraid I haven't enough money," said Henry.

"O Henry, you must have," she replied. "Why, I just paid your allowance, and then you surely have some money in your bank, too."

Henry got his bank, turned it upside down, and shook it. Two cents fell out, and after that there was no rattle at all left in the bank.

When Henry's mother learned the state of affairs, she said she was very sorry, but Henry could not go because he had spent all his money for other things.

"I have told you so often, son," she said, "to make your allowance last all week and to put some of it in your bank."

Henry sat on the front steps and saw the other boys start with the teacher. He felt very disconsolate and even cried a little.

After awhile Henry's mother came out of the house with her hat and coat on, and said:

"Come, Henry, you and I will go for a walk to Pearson's grove."

This made Henry feel better, for Pearson's grove was almost like the real woods.

"I will spend my five cents which was to go for your car-fare, buying peanuts to feed the squirrels," said Henry's mother.

There were a great many squirrels in Pearson's grove. As it was autumn, they were out in full force. It was funny to see the little fellows come scampering to get the peanuts. Some of them were so tame that they ran right up and fearlessly took the nuts from Henry's hand. Others circled all about him and finally made a little dash, grabbed the peanut, pushing Henry's hand away with a tiny paw, and then retired to a little distance to enjoy the feast. Others watched Henry and his mother wistfully from a distance, but were so shy that the peanuts had to be thrown to them.

Henry noticed that the squirrels did not eat all the nuts he gave them, but often ran off and hid them somewhere, and then came back for more.

"Greedy things!" exclaimed Henry. "They want all they can get even if they can't eat them."

"No, Henry, they are not greedy," said mother. "They are just careful. The squirrels know that there will come a time when nuts will be very hard to get. The nut trees will be bare and the ground covered with snow. Few people will come to feed them. So they have places in trees and in the ground where they store away the nuts,

so that they will have plenty for themselves and their families when they need them. Those hiding-places are the squirrels' banks, Henry, and they are seldom empty. The squirrels do not waste their allowance of nuts, little boy."

Henry's mother looked at him gravely.

"O mother," cried Henry, flushing. "I'll try to be like the squirrels after this. I'm going to take better care of my allowance and put some pennies in my bank every week."

*To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved.*

GEORGE MACDONALD.

## RECREATION CORNER.

## ENIGMA VII.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 1, 14, 10, is a boy's nickname.

My 3, 2, 6, 5, is the name of a planet.

My 17, 4, 16, is the last name of a noted general.

My 3, 7, 11, 4, is an animal.

My 9, 18, 14, 15, is not quick.

My 8, 2, 3, is a boy's nickname.

My 12, 2, 15, is what communities are governed by.

My 13, 2, 3, 16, is crippled.

My whole is a noted poet.

CHARLES N. YOUNG.

## ENIGMA VIII.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 5, 16, 11, 19, 22, 8, 27, 21, is a fighter.

My 4, 6, 10, 2, is to be at liberty.

My 15, 16, 17, 20, 2, 6, is a substance obtained from cream.

My 12, 5, 23, 6, 25, is a musical play.

My 7, 24, 6, 26, is crooked.

My 1, 13, 3, 18, is to dispose of.

My 9, 14, is an abbreviation often used.

My whole is an old saying.

*Youth's Companion.*

## HALF SQUARE.

1. A kind of food.

2. To wander.

3. A part of the head.

4. A verb.

5. A consonant.

J. W.

## SIGNIFICANT LETTERS.

Which letters are the hardest workers?

Which are the longest?

Which are the most extensive?

Which are the most fond of comfort?

Which have the most to say for themselves?

Which are the noisiest?

Which are the poorest letters?

Which tantalize most?

Which are the most sensible?

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 2.

ENIGMA III.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

ENIGMA IV.—New York City.

UNLABELED CANS.—Can-did, can-ary, can-dle, can-dy, can-ard, can-can, can-didate, can-ta-ta, can-opy, can-teen, can-non, can-ny, can-dy, can-al, can-tharides.

HIDDEN RIVERS.—1. Tiber. 2. Seine. 3. Ural. 4. Loire. 5. Congo. 6. Nile. 7. Lena. 8. Rhone. 9. Rhine. 10. Elbe.

ANAGRAMS OF STATES.—1. Maine. 2. Delaware. 3. Minnesota. 4. Montana. 5. Washington. 6. Oregon. 7. Wyoming. 8. New Hampshire. 9. Colorado. 10. Rhode Island. 11. New York. 12. Texas. 13. Idaho. 14. Utah. 15. Alabama. 16. Florida. 17. North Carolina. 18. South Carolina. 19. Oklahoma. 20. Nebraska. 21. Arkansas. 22. Louisiana.